

NED BUNTLINE'S GREAT STORY!

THE GREAT LIVING SCOUT!

BUFFALO BILL,

THE KING OF BORDER MEN!

The Wildest, Truest Story Ned Buntline Ever Wrote!

An oasis of green wood on a Kansas prairie—a bright stream shining like liquid silver in the moonlight—a log house built under the limbs of great trees—within this humble home a happy group. This is my first picture.

Look at that smiling figure in that group. You see him, but this is a real life. You see him, but this is a real life. You see him, but this is a real life.

As the sun rose, the red savages are riding in hot haste towards that door. "Hallo—the house!" is shouted loudly, as a large cavalcade of horsemen halt before the door.

It was but a single word—spoken, too, by a boy whose blue eyes shone wildly in a face as white as new-fallen snow and full as cold—spoken as he stood erect over the body of his dead father, weaponless and alone.

"You, Jake M'Kandias, have murdered my father! You base cowards, who saw him do this dark deed, spoke out to restrain him. I am only Little Nell, his son, but as God in Heaven hears me now, I will kill every father's son of you before the beard grows on my face!"

"Hear the little rooster crow. He'll fight when his spurs grow. If we don't cut his comb now, he'll be the leader, with a mocking laugh, and he raised his pistol once more.

"Monster, you have robbed me of a husband; you shall not kill my boy," shrieked the mother, as she sprang forward and drew her son up to her own bosom.

"I am not to-day the twenty-fifth!" asked Little Nell. "To be sure it is, and he will be here. Our William is wild, but he never tells a falsehood. He is too proud for that! Heaven bless him!"

"He is not coming alone," said Little Nell. "He brings two friends with him." "It lacks scarce a half hour of sunset," said the mother.

At the same instant Little Nell, who had been glancing through an avenue which led westward to the grove, cried to the two sisters. "They are coming! They are coming!"

As they approached the house they took pains to make their individuality known by signals which could not be misunderstood, therefore they were spared the perils which it seemed friends rather than their foes had cast upon them during the chase.

"You can light up, I reckon," cried Buffalo Bill when he entered. "The Reds, or what's left of 'em, are off to the tribes on the range."

"Thank Heaven, you are safe," said Mrs. Cody, as she heard the voice of her son. "I hope you and your brave friend are unharmed."

"All right, mother, but a scratch or two that cold water will heal—but you are sure you saw the faces of Jake M'Kandias at the window?"

"Yes, my son—I never can forget his face. I surely saw it." "Then he has got off this time. I knew most of his gang had gone under, but I didn't think he had taken up with the Cheyennes."

"The Hawk of the Hills has recognized the warriors left in the West and the Pawnees are going with the South. If they are, we border folks will have our hands full. But we're good for 'em, aren't we, Bill?"

"I reckon we are, if we know ourselves," said Wild Bill. "The moon had gone down before day dawned, but the repulsed Cheyennes never bated in their heading speed until a couple of hours after sunrise, when they had reached a thick cotton-wood grove on the south bank of the Republican river."

Here, at the call of their chief, they dismounted and gathered around him. By his side, with a scowl of anger and some show of distrust, too, in his face, stood Jake M'Kandias, the white ruffian who had been the cause of their flight.

"There will be a great cry among the squaws in the lodges of the Cheyennes. Many warriors have gone down, and their scalps are in the hands of our enemies, and we have not a scalp to show that has been taken in return for ours."

"That will be the Great Spirit wills to be, will be," said M'Kandias in reply. "If we had fought as white men fight, and charged right on them, we would now have their scalps in our belts. Big Maple would not listen to my words. He fought his way and lost half his warriors."

"The Hawk of the Hills has spoken with a single tongue. His words are true. But the faces of the tribes will be black when we go back without scalps. What has my brother to say to that?" asked the chief.

"That if we go back without scalps, we are fools," said M'Kandias. "If the reds, or the Big Maple misses fire, does he throw it away, or pick the flint and try it again? There are more days and nights than one, and plenty of pale faces are scattered about the plains. The Hawk of the Hills knows other settlements which we can reach in three days' journey."

"Can you go back here, and when the fighting men are not here or are asleep, we can sprinkle the bones of our dead with the blood of vengeance where they lie."

"The Hawk of the Hills speaks like a man. The heart of Big Maple was weak. It is strong again. The warriors will cook meat, and eat while their horses rest and feed."

"Light blazing fires, emitting scarcely any smoke, were now made in the camp, and the warriors were made ready for the night. It was not finished when an alarm was given by a scout. White men mounted and armed were coming in from the South."

"They are not those we fought last night!" said M'Kandias. "They have not the same get-up to get to this side of the river. Let my red brothers remain where they are, ready to light or to flee, if they see that I am among their enemies."

"The Hawk of the Hills is a great brave. His words are good, and his deeds go with them," said the Cheyenne chief.

M'Kandias now mounted his horse, put a bit of white cloth on the ramrod of his rifle, and rode out from the shelter of the grove towards the group of advancing horsemen, some ten or a dozen in number.

"They halted as soon as he was observed and seemed to look to their arms." "I would almost as soon lose my hair as to lose Powder Face, for the insect has carried me through more bad scrapes than I've time to count," said Buffalo Bill, referring to his favorite horse.

"I will lose my hair before I'll lose Black Nell, for she ever deserved me. She'll kick the head off any Red that tries to mount her. But can't we get to the horses?"

"Wait till I give Dave and the boys in here their orders, and then you an me will get to the horses and come on 'em like as if we were fresh hands in the field."

"That's the talk, Bill—that's the talk. Only let me and Black Nell and you and Powder Face give 'em a charge in the rear and they're gone!"

WATCHES, JEWELRY, ETC. ESTABLISHED 1828. WATCHEES, JEWELRY, CLOCKS, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS. G. W. RUSSELL, No. 22 N. SIXTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE. PLATED GOODS OF THE FINEST QUALITY AT THE LOWEST RATES. No. 304 CHESTNUT ST., SECOND FLOOR, BY A. H. ROGERS.

Triple-Plated Silverware, Suitable for BRIDAL GIFTS AND HOLIDAY PRESENTS. No. 304 CHESTNUT STREET, Second Floor, 11 23 am A. H. ROGERS.

CARPETINGS, ETC. NEW CARPETS. AXMINSTERS, WILTONS, VELVETS, BRUSSELS, 3-PLYS AND INGRAINS, Venetians, Druggets, Oil Cloths, Etc. LEEDOM & SHAW, No. 910 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

FINE FURNITURE. DANIEL M. KARCHER, Nos. 236 and 238 South Second St. A LARGE AND SPLENDID STOCK ON HAND, FOR WHICH EXAMINATION IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

RICHMOND & CO., FIRST-CLASS FURNITURE WAREHOUSES, No. 45 SOUTH SECOND STREET, EAST SIDE, ABOVE CHESTNUT. PHILADELPHIA.

FURNITURE. T. & J. A. HENKELS, AT THEIR NEW STORE, 1002 ARCH STREET. Are now selling their ELEGANT FURNITURE at very reduced prices.

FURNITURE. J. LUTZ, No. 121 SOUTH ELEVENTH STREET. I am selling off my entire stock of FIRST-CLASS FURNITURE AT LOW RATES, On account of retiring from business.

PIANOS. ALBRECHT, RIKKES & SCHMIDT, FIRST-CLASS PIANO PORTES. WAREHOUSES, No. 610 ARCH Street.

REMOVAL. J. H. MICHENER & CO., CURERS OF THE CELEBRATED "Excelsior" Sugar-Cured Hams, Tongues and Beef, Have Removed to their NEW STORE, Nos. 122 and 124 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

ROOFING. READY ROOFING. This Roofing is adapted to all buildings. It can be applied to the STEEP OR FLAT ROOFS of Shingle Roofs, or removing the shingles, thus avoiding the damaging of ceilings and furniture while under repair. PRESERVE YOUR TIN ROOFS WITH WELTONY ELASTIC.

SHIPPING. LORILLARD'S STEAMSHIP LINE FOR NEW YORK, SAILING FRIDAYS, THURSDAYS, AND SATURDAYS. Freight received at all times on covered pier. Advance charges cashed at office on pier.

FOR LIVERPOOL AND QUEENSTOWN—Imman Line of Mail Steamers are appointed to sail as follows: City of Antwerp, via Halifax, Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 1 P. M. City of London, Saturday, Dec. 18, at 1 P. M.

ONLY DIRECT LINE TO FRANCE. THE GENERAL TRANSATLANTIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY, NEW YORK AND HAVRE, CALLING AT BREAST.

CHARLESTON, S. C., AND FLORIDA PORTS. THE STEAMSHIP J. W. EVERMAN, WILL LEAVE PIER 17, BELOW SPRUCE STREET, ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, AT 4 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA, RICHMOND, AND NORFOLK STEAMSHIP LINE THROUGH THE SOUTH AND WEST. THROUGH RATES to all points in North and South Carolina, via Seaboard Air Line Railroad, connecting at Norfolk and Lynchburg with the Chesapeake and Potomac Rivers, and with the Virginia and Tennessee Air Line and Richmond and Danville Railroads.

NOTICE.—FOR NEW YORK, VIA DELAWARE AND PENNSYLVANIA CANAL EXPRESS STEAMBOAT COMPANY. THE CHEAPEST AND QUICKEST WATER COMMUNICATION between Philadelphia and New York.

NOTICE.—FOR NEW YORK, VIA DELAWARE AND PENNSYLVANIA CANAL EXPRESS STEAMBOAT COMPANY. THE CHEAPEST AND QUICKEST WATER COMMUNICATION between Philadelphia and New York.

PATENTS. WILLIAM S. IRWIN, GENERAL PATENT AGENT, No. 406 LIBRARY STREET.

AMERICAN CORRUGATED IRON CO'S MANUFACTURES, FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS, ETC. TAYLOR & COALE'S PATENT AUTOMATIC LOCK-UP SAFETY VALVE.

CURTAINS AND SHADES. W. H. CARRYL & SONS, No. 723 CHESTNUT STREET, IN E. W. GODDARD & CO'S CARPET STORE, TWO FLOORS ABOVE OUR OLD STAND.

WARBURTON'S IMPROVED VENTILATED COATS—Ladies' Dress Hats (patented), in all the latest fashions of the season. (Registered) Street next door to the Post Office. 11 19 7/8

ADDITION SALES. M. THOMAS & SONS, NOS. 139 AND 141 S. E. FOURTH STREET. SUPERIOR DUTCH FLOWER BREAD on Wednesday Morning.

SUPERIOR HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, PIANO, MIRRORS, FIRE-PROOF SAFE, HANDSOME VELVET, BRUSSELS, AND OTHER CARPETS, ETC. ETC.

ELEGANT RUSSIAN AND OTHER JEWELRY. SUPERIOR WATCHES, MUSICAL BOX, OPERA GLASS, ETC. ETC. On Thursday.

PUNTING, BURBOROUGH & CO., AUCTIONEERS, Nos. 222 and 224 MARKET STREET, CORNER OF BROAD STREET. LARGE SALE OF BRITISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS.

MARTIN BROTHERS, AUCTIONEERS.—(Late Salesmen for M. Thomas & Sons.) No. 623 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. ELEGANT WALNUT CHAMBER SUITS, HANDSOME WALNUT PARLOR SUITS, COVERED WITH RED AND BLUE CLOTH.

AMERICAN ARTISTS' LARGE PERMANENT SALE OF VALUABLE MODERN OIL PAINTINGS. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, at the auction rooms, No. 529 Chestnut Street.

SALE OF STOCKS AND REAL ESTATE. At the Philadelphia Exchange, Third and Walnut Streets, on Monday, December 14, 1869, at 10 o'clock, the following real estate will be sold.

THOMAS BIRCH & SON, AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 1110 CHESTNUT STREET, rear entrance No. 1107 Sanson Street. SALE of No. 1110 Chestnut Street.

CONCERT HALL AUCTION ROOMS, No. 1212 CHESTNUT STREET. PERFORMING SPECIAL SALE OF VERY FINE CABINET FURNITURE, at Concert Hall Furniture Emporium and Sale-rooms, No. 1212 CHESTNUT STREET.

BY BARRITT & CO., AUCTIONEERS, No. 220 MARKET STREET, CORNER OF BANK STREET. FURS—FURS—FURS! FURS! FURS! FURS! FURS! FURS! FURS! FURS! FURS! FURS!

THE EDGE HILL SCHOOL. A Boarding and Day School for Boys. Held in the new Academy Building at MERCHANTVILLE, NEW JERSEY. For Circulars apply to REV. T. W. CATTELL, Principal.